

The TATLER

Vol. CLXX. No. 2213

and **BYSTANDER**

London
November 24, 1943



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LONDON

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Price:

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Eric Ager, Northampton

The Duke of Gloucester to be Governor-General of Australia

The Duchess of Gloucester and Prince William will accompany the Duke when he goes to Australia to take up his duties as Governor-General. This will be the first time that a member of the Royal Family has occupied the position, which the outbreak of war in 1939 prevented the late Duke of Kent from taking up. The Duke of Gloucester will succeed Lord Gowrie, the present Governor-General, whose appointment is being extended for a further six months from January next. The Regency Act prevents the Duke from leaving Britain for any length of time until Princess Elizabeth comes of age in April. The Duke of Gloucester is no stranger to Australia, having toured the Commonwealth in 1934, when he attended the Melbourne Centenary celebrations. He is Colonel-in-Chief of the Australian Light Horse, and an honorary Doctor of Laws of Melbourne, Sydney and Adelaide Universities.



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Dawn

Snow has fallen in Russia, and the Red Army continues to advance. There is no respite for the Germans. They have not been able, so far, to stand and stem the tide. For the Russians will not allow a pause in the battle. The Germans must fight hard all the time. It is the Russians who are dictating the course of the campaign. For Marshal Stalin's strategy develops first at one point and then at another with what seems remorseless regu-

larly. Goebbels tells the German people to hold their nerve and trust Hitler. (This "trust Hitler" propaganda stunt is really something extraordinary.) Between the salvos which sound fresh successes the Russians hear the voice of victory. "The turning point of the war has been reached; the dawn of victory is rising on the horizon."

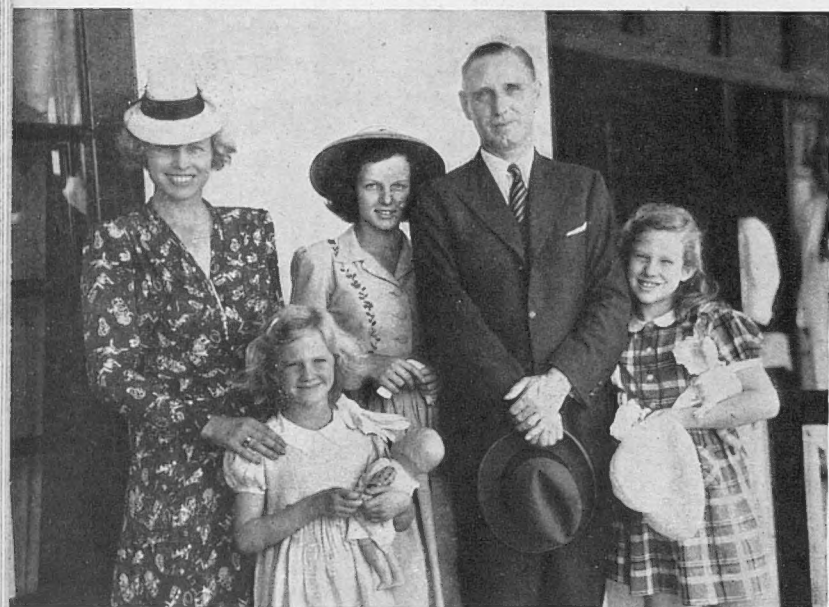
Never have the Russians been so confident. Indeed, signs are not wanting outside Russia that we are approaching a climax in the war.

to see in the last few months that something of this nature might develop nobody seems to have been very effective in doing anything about it. This is how crises are born.

Plan

MARSHAL STALIN has proclaimed more than once that he wishes to see a free and independent Poland, which is economically strong. It is also known that he does not intend to give up the Polish territory which the Russians occupied when the Germans invaded Poland in 1939. The Russian argument is that this new frontier which they made for their own defence does not come within the provisions of the Atlantic Charter, as that instrument was not signed until two years later.

The Polish Government in London have not been anxious to allow any discussion of their future frontiers. Although they are in touch with the resisters in their homeland, the Polish ministers here do not feel that they can agree to forgo any territory belonging to Poland



The New Governor of Jamaica

Sir John Huggins, the new Governor of Jamaica, arrived in the island with his wife and three daughters. He was formerly head of the British Colonies Supply Mission in Washington, and succeeds Sir Arthur Frederick Richards in his present post



The New Minister of Health

Mr. Henry Willink, K.C., M.P. for North Croydon, becomes Minister of Health in succession to Mr. Ernest Brown, under whom in 1940 he became Special Commissioner for the care and rehousing of the London blitz victims. With him here is Miss Florence Horsbrugh, M.P. for Dundee



Artist With the Eighth Army

Captain Edward Ardizzone, the official war artist, has been making pictures of the Eighth Army in the desert and elsewhere. He is seen at work in his farm-house studio near Lucera

New developments are taking place, and possibly fresh and far-reaching decisions are being made. Certainly there is an air of expectancy everywhere. Most of all in Washington, where they talk freely about big events.

Success

SOON the Russians will have chased the Germans over the old Soviet frontier into Poland. This will be a great moment for the Russians to tell the world that they have driven the invader out of their land. The Moscow Conference does not appear to have been able to reach any understanding about the future of Poland. It was Mr. Eden's desire to bring about the rapprochement between the Soviet Government and the Polish Government in London. If only to arrange the co-operation of Polish "underground" patriots, such an understanding was and is certainly now all the more necessary. At any moment the Polish resisters who have so valiantly defied the Germans will be caught between the two opposing armies. Their Government in London are no longer in diplomatic contact with the Soviet Government. What will the Polish resisters do? This is an immediate problem, and though it has been plain for all

proper without the risk of being disowned.

Crash

THE crisis in the Lebanon crashed into the war news all of a sudden, but it also had been brewing for some time. Before, and after, the outbreak of the war the Germans spent a lot of money trying to ferment trouble among the Arabs against the Allies. The action of the French in firing on the Lebanese in Beirut has struck the tinder. The spark of revolt may spread throughout the Arab world. This may seem an unnecessarily gloomy view of the situation, but if an extension of the trouble in the Lebanon is to be avoided we shall have to see a development of greater statesmanship than has been shown so far by General de Gaulle.

Revelation

BRITISH prestige is as deeply involved as French, not to mention the military interests of all the Allies. When fighting between the British forces and those of Vichy France ceased in 1941, the Lebanese were guaranteed their independence, which meant the right to hold elections. Ever since there has been friction between the British conception of this guarantee and General de Gaulle's. Sir Edward

Spears, the British Minister in Beirut, has had to make several protests about the state of affairs.

Now the clash has come it is rather unseemly that on the one hand it should be stated in Algiers that M. Jean Helleu, the French Delegate General in the Levant, acted without authority and on his own initiative in arresting ministers of the Lebanese Government; and on the other hand that M. Helleu should call newspaper men together in Beirut and say that he acted on the precise orders of General de Gaulle. Such publicity is not calculated to increase Arab faith in French administration, as directed by the French Committee of National Liberation in Algiers.

Ambassador

MR. DUFF COOPER's diplomatic appointment to the French Committee in Algiers means that he is set to be Britain's first Ambassador to Paris after the war. Otherwise it is unlikely that Mr. Duff Cooper would have resigned from the Government. Obviously he has made

re-shuffle of Government offices. It was necessary to announce the appointment of Lord Woolton as Minister of Reconstruction in advance of the King's Speech on the opening of the new session of Parliament because of the policy which has been laid down. Having made the necessary consequential changes, the Prime Minister left his other plans until a later date. Lord Woolton's appointment was well received in all parties, and the public have learned to expect something novel and go-ahead from him. Probably Mr. Churchill took all this into account, as well as Lord Woolton's undoubted administrative ability.

It is no easy task to organise a new Government policy and to create the necessary departmental machinery. So Lord Woolton needs sympathy as well as congratulations. Reconstruction is a wide term to define a political problem which will be with us for a long time. Lord Woolton has not identified himself closely with any political party, but he has shown in his food rationing policy a



At the Airport

Colonel Oliver Stanley, Secretary of State for the Colonies, was met on his arrival in the Gold Coast by the Governor, Sir Alan Burns. Colonel Stanley was touring the colonial territories in West and East Africa



A Meeting of Allied War Chiefs in North Africa

Allied chiefs met recently in North Africa to discuss the progress of the war. After the serious business was over Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder enjoyed a good joke with Gen. W. B. Smith, Chief of Staff Allied Force headquarters



A rather more serious conversation after the meeting was between Lieutenant-General Carl A. Spaatz, U.S.A.A.F., Commanding General North-West African Air Force, and Admiral Sir John Cunningham, who had just become C-in-C. the Mediterranean in place of Sir Andrew Cunningham

his choice for the future, which is diplomacy and not politics. His friends do not expect him to resign his seat in the House of Commons immediately, but he may not fight at the next General Election.

Mr. Duff Cooper's affection for France is equalled only by that of Mr. Churchill's, as he showed in his classic work on Talleyrand. Nobody will imagine that Mr. Duff Cooper's new post is going to be a sinecure, for there will be many more convulsions before France is re-born.

Returning

APPARENTLY Mr. Harold MacMillan's position as British Minister in North Africa will not be affected by Mr. Duff Cooper's appointment. He will continue to be attached to the Allied Headquarters of General Eisenhower, but like Sir Samuel Hoare in Madrid, Mr. MacMillan is definitely a House of Commons man who will not want to remain abroad indefinitely. He is more interested in home affairs than in diplomacy, although all who know pay tribute to his work in North Africa.

Changes

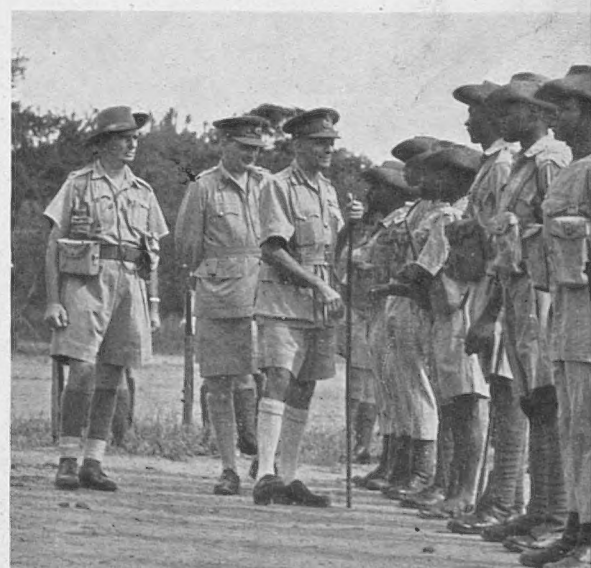
MR. CHURCHILL was not able to make all the changes he had intended in his last

knowledge of popular likes and dislikes. It is a tribute to his ability that he has so far proved himself to be one of Mr. Churchill's most popular ministers.

Appointment

THE Duke of Gloucester's appointment as Governor General of Australia came as the result of the keen desire of the Australian Government which impressed the King and influenced him to agree. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester will be greatly missed by the King and Queen, for they have undertaken a heavy share of the burden of royal duties since the death of the Duke of Kent. It may mean that Princess Elizabeth will make a greater number of public appearances soon after her coming-of-age than she would have done.

In Australia, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester will be assured of warmth and affection, and an interesting official life. The defeat of Japan and the emergence of Australia as an important Pacific power will certainly come about in the term of the Duke's governorship, and his ability to mix with all classes, and to share their interest in sport, will strengthen still further the ties of Empire which have been so clearly demonstrated throughout this war.



Askari Troops Leave Home

General Sir William Platt, C-in-C. East Africa, inspected a contingent of Askari troops before they left their camp for the port of embarkation. They are to serve in India and Ceylon

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Russian and English

By James Agate

I REMEMBER reading shortly after the last war a book about Russia by a highbrow who had done a great deal of thinking about that country. Looking up an old note book I find that I made an extract: "To the Russian European culture and ethic is a virus working in him like a disease of which the inflammation comes forth as literature. Since Peter the Great Russia has been accepting Europe, and seething Europe down in a curious process of katabolism." I look up this word to find that it means "Destructive or downward metabolism; retrogressive metamorphism—opposed to *anabolism*." In other words, in the opinion of this highbrow of the nineteen-twenties, Russia, since the time of Peter the Great, had been doing both Europe and herself no good. She had always been hopeless and was now helpless. So saturated was I with this view that when Germany attacked Russia in June, 1941, I wrote in my diary: "There is talk of Hitler dictating terms in Moscow in three weeks. I have no faith in Field-Marshal Sorin or General Medvedenko." I had failed to realise that the new Russia is not the Russia of Tchekov, that its builders are not the descendants of the melancholy *fainéants* he drew so exquisitely, but the children of the ex-serf Lopakhin.

IF it has been difficult for the English to understand a country in which a small group of aristocratic and nostalgic non-doers has given place to a nation of realistically-minded forward-looking proletarians, how much more difficult for the Russians to understand us! You knew where you stood both with the old aristocracy and the new Bolsheviks, whereas no Russian or any other kind of foreigner has ever known where he stood with the English, who themselves do not know. The essence of English character has always been to treat serious things as a joke and to be in deadly earnest about Test Matches and Cup-Ties. How, then, can the English expect to

be taken seriously? Why when that war comes for which it is only decent to be unprepared, and we put our backs into it, should we be surprised that all the world rings with our "perfidy" and "hypocrisy."

THE foregoing is what Mr. Anatole de Grunwald has said, and said admirably, in *The Demi-Paradise* (Odeon). This picture is concerned with the efforts of a young Russian engineer to persuade a firm of British ship-builders to produce an ice-breaker with a new and more effective propeller. It tells a reasonable story which is enlivened with a delightful skit on English life as it is led in a small country town. Mr. Anthony Asquith has brought to the direction a very lively sense of satire and probability, the only false note being the suggestion, for which perhaps Mr. de Grunwald is responsible, that the Russian goes back to his own country marvelling and understanding. I believe that he goes back marvelling and as befogged as ever. There is a first-rate cast with some delicious portraits by Felix Aylmer, Marjorie Fielding, Margaret Rutherford, and many others. Penelope Ward is the English maiden who shakes her mane at the young Russian and in spite of indefatigable archness and tireless charm fails to land him in the end. The Russian himself is extremely well played by Laurence Olivier whose performance throughout is a perfect study of glum miscomprehension, conveyed with both wit and tact. I do not think I have ever liked this actor better. To prevent any misunderstanding let it be said that the film is at least ten times more entertaining than my account of it suggests. It has, you see, a point; and this is so rare in the cinema that it has seemed worth risking tedium to make clear what that point is.

THE new Edward G. Robinson film at the Tivoli is called *The Destroyer*, and in order to save you any further suspense I will say that I liked it immensely. The action takes place almost entirely at sea; the film is not too

technical; it has only one female character, who is the daughter of Chief Boatswain Steve Boleslavski, alias Edward G.; the story is exciting, thrilling and has pathos; the acting is first-class. Some of these naval films are so overloaded with mechanical detail that they can be understood and thoroughly appreciated only by naval men; this one is as clear in outline and detail as a story by Captain Marryat. The various types of American sailors are drawn with great firmness; they *live*. One character I do not remember to have seen on the screen before. This is the young naval recruit who on the first night of his service sobs bitterly in his bed, stricken with a frenzy of home-sickness. When we see him next, he is hearing gun-fire for the first time; he clings in terror to the nearest support. Presently the boy gets his sea legs and stands four-square and proud to serve. (Perhaps I don't quite believe this.) "Have a good bawl," says Robinson to him in the first sequence. "We all started like that." And later: "We were all as frightened as that, son, at first." All very human and true to life, except that I should have preferred the sentence to run: "And at the end too. We are all of us frightened all the time, only some of us have learned not to show it."

ROBINSON gives one of the finest performances of his screen career. (But then he is always doing that.) He is the very essence and acme of toughness; so tough, that if he met a grizzly bear he would hug him to death. Which means, of course, that the whole ship hates him. Only to like him in the end; for his love for his destroyer, named after the famous Paul Jones, passes the love of women and everything else. (Here fill in heroic tosh to taste.) His rival on the ship, ultimately to become, against Robinson's will, his son-in-law, is admirably played by Glenn Ford. And the captain of the ship by Regis Toomey with his unflinching efficiency. As Robinson's daughter Marguerite Chapman has little to do except smile and be sweet; she does both lavishly and opulently. I repeat, I liked this film; it is virile, entertaining and, for once, not too long. A mere ninety-nine minutes. And finally a word for the photography which, with the co-operation of the American Admiralty, gives us pictures of the sea and its fighting vessels as good as anything I have seen. By the way, why don't they give the sea that gold statue they are always handing to some vacant ninny?



"The Destroyer" is Another Edward G. Robinson Saga of the Sea (Tivoli)

"The Destroyer," following the lead of Mr. Noel Coward's "In Which We Serve," tells the story of a warship from the time the first rivet is put into her hull until her first major engagement with the enemy is satisfactorily settled. As Chief Boatswain's Mate, Edward G. Robinson inspires terror and hate in her crew. When it comes to action, however, this is changed to admiration and respect. Romance steps in with Mary, the Chief Mate's daughter (Marguerite Chapman) and Micky (Glenn Ford), one of the crew. Above left: Edward G. Robinson with Marguerite Chapman and Regis Toomey; right: Edward G. Robinson with Glenn Ford and Leo Gorcey

Three New Films

A Laurence Olivier, A Bob Hope and
A Jean Arthur



The Russian's thirst for knowledge amuses the British girl (Penelope Ward)

Laurence Olivier is a Russian Engineer in "The Demi-Paradise"

The Demi-Paradise is an Anatole de Grunwald production directed by Anthony Asquith. It is the story of a young Russian engineer (Laurence Olivier) and his experiences in this country, first in 1939, then in wartime. Peace-time existence in a small provincial town is a bewildering experience for him; only when he returns to a Britain at war is he able to understand the significance of the complexities of the British character. The film is intended to convey the importance of ensuring future world peace by mutual understanding



Jean Arthur in "A Lady Takes a Chance"

A Lady Takes a Chance brings Jean Arthur and John Wayne together in romance and adventure in the Wild West. Jean takes a busman's holiday, she misses her bus, she meets John, they fall in love and henceforth throughout the film we follow their adventures chasing the missing bus. Charles Winniger, with whom they are seen in the pictures reproduced, plays John's buddy



The British love of pageantry amuses the Russian (Penelope Ward as Chastity, Guy Middleton as Apollo)



Bob Hope has Betty Hutton as his Leading Lady

Let's Face It is the new Bob Hope picture based on a great Broadway musical hit. Bob Hope has another soldier role with plenty of gags and situations in the approved Hope manner. As his girl friend Betty Hutton has an opportunity which overshadows anything she has previously done in films. There are five new Cole Porter numbers and Seymour Felix, who worked for Ziegfeld, has directed all the dances



The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Arc de Triomphe (Phœnix)

MR. IVOR NOVELLO's latest play is undeniably canonical. No one could mistake it for a work by Noel Coward, Wagner, or Gilbert and Sullivan. Its amiable features—musical, sentimental and dramatic—are as clearly his own as those of *Hamlet*, say, are Shakespearean, or the unwinking regard of the waxen celebrities of the Marylebone Road is Tussauesque. His admirers, therefore, need fear neither lyrical shocks nor departures from narrative tradition. The music, if occasionally tempted to reminisce, is tuneful and capitally sung; the plot has a familiar assurance. And although he does not appear on the stage in person, his spirit haunts every scene. Such successful consistency is no mean or accidental achievement, but is due to a workmanlike blend of talent and temperament. Who could doubt that he conceives, composes and projects his popular masterpieces from the heart, or that this latest example should run till doomsday?

His story of the young singer from the country who, with all her savings in her pocket, comes to Paris athirst for fame and, having gained the whole world of grand opera, finds it a false exchange for true love, will be as congenially familiar to his admirers as the story of Cinderella is to every well-regulated nursery. Yet the telling of it has incidental variations. The hero, for instance (and for

once), is a heroine; and the story has what might be called a musically ambitious, rather than a traditional happy ending. The final scene, indeed, goes the whole grand-opera hog by presenting a full-scale excerpt from *Jeanne d'Arc*, the opera which established the heroine's fame as a singer, and vindicates Mr. Novello's range as a composer.

MR. NOVELLO is no iconoclast. The idols of the gallery are safe in his keeping, because he himself adores them; and the approval of

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Elisabeth Welch is her own inimitable self in two cabaret numbers, "Josephine" and "Dark Music"

the gods is thereby assured. When in musical-comedy Paris, his characters do as musical-comedy Paris does. It may be conceded (to overbearing realists) that such tuneful histories do not pedantically hold up the mirror to nature. Nor are they meant to. They are works of theatrical art, and bear to the works of so-called nature something of the relation that garnished Christmas-trees bear to, shall we say, Epping Forest? They set out, not to edify, but to delight. And into the familiar mould Mr. Novello pours (con amore?—who could doubt it?) the raw stuff of dreams, and the romantic wish-wash of youth, which he has such a flair for crystallising into theatrical sugar.

By enlisting Miss Mary Ellis as his heroine, he ensures a performance that makes the best of both worlds, the musical and the dramatic;



Peter Graves as Pierre Bachelet plays the part of the young lover youthfully renounced by Marie Foret in her quest for fame and fortune as an opera star

for Miss Ellis is not only a good singer, but a fine, authoritative actress. Her artistic sincerity is not softened by simpers, nor are her clear top notes exceptional peaks in an adventurous register.

Her authority as an actress is immediately felt on her first appearance as the fame-struck neophyte from the country, complete with shepherd song and sublime self-confidence. This scene foreshadows the operatic role, *Jeanne d'Arc*, she is destined to create, and her professional career, in its secular way, is to parallel.

THE subsequent scenes—from the enchanting garret-eyrie in Montmartre, where she serves her happy apprenticeship to love and fame, up the social and musical ladder to the grand operatic finale, when the simmering elements of this Novello confection come triumphantly to the boil—are theatrically effective, if sometimes a little perfunctory.

They include a soirée on a Seine barge, and a visit to the Café de l'Europe et d'Asie, where love and fame all but compose their distressing differences, and that delightful singer of coloured catches, Miss Elisabeth Welch, raises the convivial temperature by the sheer warmth of her radiant personality. Some poignant vignettes of the last war, with a gauze-veiled ballet of eighteenth-century ghosts in full regalia, lead to that full-scale excerpt from the opera which is both journey's end and Mr. Novello's musical apotheosis.

Mr. Raymond Lovell's suave sophisticated style lends distinction to the somewhat conventionally drawn impresario in the case, and as the heroine's lost true love, Mr. Peter Graves does nothing to darken the lighter comedy he embellishes with song and dance. The production is lavishly spectacular, and has all the familiar Novello features save one, the author's substantiation of the hero. But since this may be enjoyed elsewhere (*The Dancing Years* still triumphs at the Adelphi) its absence here is the play's, rather than the playgoer's, misfortune.



Mary Ellis and Raymond Lovell appear as Marie Foret and Adhemar de Janze. Through Adhemar's patronage, Marie reaches the stars of fortune and success but loses the zenith of happiness

"The Admirable Crichton"

James M. Barrie's Comedy
Revived at His Majesty's

Forty-one years after its first production, Bernard Delfont has revived *The Admirable Crichton*, with Barry K. Barnes in the name part, and Barry's wife, Diana Churchill, as Lady Mary Lasenby. Barrie's comedy is based on the effects of environment on character and circumstance. After years of service as a perfect butler, Mr. Crichton finds himself, by reason of the exigencies of fate and shipwreck, virtually king of all he surveys, including the three lovely young daughters of his erstwhile employer, the Earl of Loom. Leadership comes naturally; for three years he governs wisely and well. Then comes rescue. Back in Edwardian London, tradition proves too strong. Crichton becomes once more the servant—no longer the leader—of men.

Photographs by John Vickers



Lady Mary: "Do you despise me, Crichton?" Home again, Lady Mary is once more the lady, Crichton the butler. Nevertheless, she suspects there is "something wrong with England." (Barry K. Barnes, Diana Churchill)



Lady Mary: "Guv, let the ship go" In spite of the fact that rescue is in sight, Lady Mary, fearing the effect of return to civilisation, begs Crichton to ignore the signals of the incoming ship. (Barry K. Barnes, Diana Churchill)



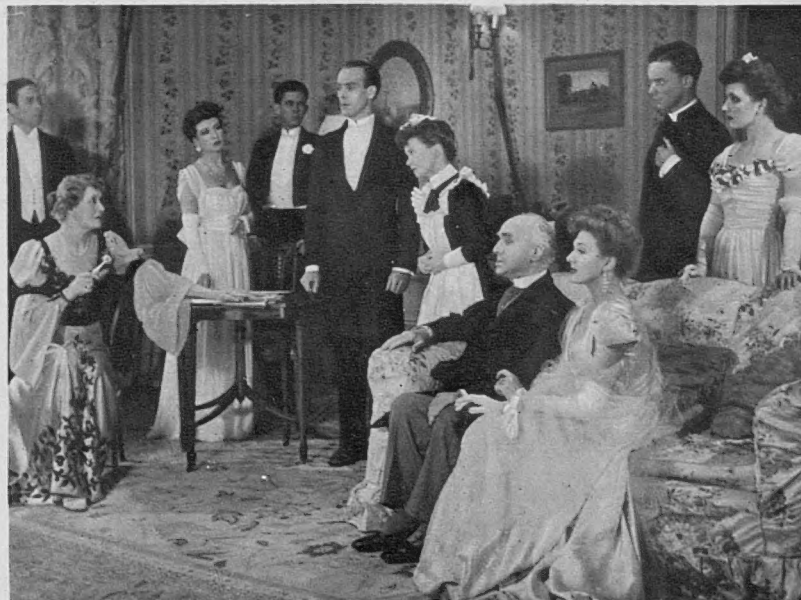
Lady Mary: "Even to think of entertaining the servants is so exhausting" Lord Loom has democratic ideas. He considers that an invitation to the servants to tea abolishes class distinction. (Peter Lord as the Rev. John Treherne, Barry K. Barnes, Michael Whittaker as the Hon. Ernest Woolley, Diana Churchill, Joan Shannon and Jean Compton Mackenzie as the three daughters of Lord Loom)



Crichton: "I would respectfully propose that Mr. Ernest's head should be immersed in a bucket of cold spring water" When Lord Loom's family are shipwrecked off an uninhabited island, Crichton takes command of the situation and is elected leader. He is renamed "The Guv." In the centre stands James Harcourt as the Earl of Loom



Crichton: "This lady has done me the honour to promise to be my wife" The three daughters of the Earl of Loom all fall in love with "The Guv." Finally he chooses Lady Mary to be his consort at his side. His action is warmly applauded by Lord Loom, who now regards Crichton as a master he is proud to work for



Lady Brocklehurst: "Were all the social distinctions preserved?" Lady Brocklehurst (Margaret Halstan) is anxious to avoid the faintest breath of scandal, for she plans a marriage between her son and Lady Mary. She insists on questioning even the frightened Tweeny (Mollie Maureen)

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country



Actress's Wedding

Miss Judy Campbell, the well-known actress, was married at Bray to Lt. D. Birkin, R.N.V.R., of Nottingham. The bridesmaid was little Tracy Pelissier, at whose christening the bride and bridegroom first met



Oratory Christening

Sir Noel and Lady Dryden's baby son was christened at Brompton Oratory. Sir Noel, a descendant of the poet, and a former B.B.C. announcer, married Miss Rosamund Mary Scrope in 1941

Dinner at the Palace

DURING his stay in London, H.R.H. the Emir Abdul Illah, the slim, good-looking Regent of Iraq, spent two days as the guest of the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace. The high-lights of his visit were the two dinner-parties, to which a small, but representative, circle of guests were invited.

In spite of the wartime simplicity of the meals served, and the absence of the ornate State liveries covered with real gold lace and worn with powdered hair that used to give such regal magnificence to pre-war occasions such as these, a touch of formality was introduced by replacing the Royal servants' "battledress" liveries with the dark-blue tail-coats and stiff white shirts of peacetime. Men guests wore Service uniforms or dinner jackets, white ties being barred in accordance with a rule introduced early in the war by His Majesty. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent—who were then staying at the Palace—were guests on both occasions. Other guests included the Prime Minister and Mrs. Churchill; the Duchess of Devonshire; the Earl of Clarendon; General Sir Alan Brooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and Lady Brooke; Air Chief-Marshal Sir Charles Portal, Chief of the Air Staff, and Lady Portal; Lord and Lady Cranborne; Lady Margaret Alexander, wife of General Sir Harold Alexander, Deputy C.-in-C. under General Eisenhower; Sir Alan Lascelles, Private Secretary to the King; Mr. Brendan Bracken, Minister of Information; and Mr. Richard Law, the newly appointed Minister of State.

Luxemburg Princesses

THE two elder daughters of the Grand Duchess of Luxemburg, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Marie Adelaide, paid an informal visit to the Palace a few days ago. They went, unrecognised by gazing crowds outside the gates, to watch the changing of the Guard. It had more than a spectator's interest for them on that occasion, for their brother, Prince Jean, a lieutenant in the Scots Guards, was in command of the new guard. He carried out the difficult "Buck House" drill without a fault, and

afterwards was warmly congratulated by his mother on the performance.

Both the Luxemburg Princesses, Elizabeth, who is twenty, and her sister, who is one year younger, speak perfect English. They came over here only recently from the United States, where their sisters, Princess Marie Gabrielle and Princess Alix, eighteen and fourteen respectively, and sixteen-year-old Prince Charles, are still. The Grand Duchess is making her home in England for the time being, and is living in very simple style in a country house in Surrey, where she hopes to have all her children soon. Her two eldest daughters are tall, slim and good-looking, and are much in demand as dancing partners by Prince Jean's brother-officers in the Guards.

Comité Internationale

TALL, good-looking and chic, Lady Abingdon, who has done so much good work in the States for the Comité Internationale à l'aide des Enfants de France, has now settled into her new home in South Audley Street. Her old house in Seymour Street suffered rather badly with blast and bomb in 1940, and is really uninhabitable. Fortunately, at the time Lady Abingdon was in the U.S.A., having gone over there at the request of the Hon. Mrs. Jack Crawshaw (Lord Tyrrell's energetic and able daughter), to help to raise funds for French evacuees from Alsace and Lorraine. She originally planned to stay six weeks, but finally remained eighteen months, organising no fewer than eighty-five committees in the States and travelling all over the country from north to south, from east to west, raising incredibly large sums. Since her return both she and Lord Abingdon have had to make their home either in one of the many London hotels, or, whenever it was possible for them to be in the country, at Highcliffe Castle, their celebrated home just outside Bournemouth, where Lady Abingdon's mother, the Hon. Mrs. Stuart-Wortley, is now living permanently. Even Highcliffe Castle has not escaped the effects of war entirely, for the windows were shattered during the Battle of Britain, and on one occasion it was singled out for machine-gunning. In her new home,

(Continued on page 234)



Two Christenings at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

Here are Lt. and Mrs. J. Cumming with their daughter, Barbara Alison, after her christening. Lt. Cumming is in the Scots Guards, and was severely wounded in North Africa. His wife is a daughter of Sir Arthur MacNalty



Another christening at the Guards' Chapel was that of Brian Anthony Fitzgerald, seen here with his parents, Major Desmond R. Fitzgerald, Irish Guards, and Mrs. Fitzgerald, after the ceremony

"This is the Army"

Irving Berlin's Show
in London



Mr. Irving Berlin,
Gen. Devers and Lady
Louis Mountbatten



Pfc. Goss, Ptes.
D'Elia and Allen,
and Sgt. Oshins



At the Stage
Door Canteen



Irving Berlin sings:
"Oh, how I hate to
get up in the morning"



Pte. Joe Allen
impersonates
Donald Duck

Mr. Irving Berlin's show, *This is the Army*, has been given a great reception in London. Sixty thousand Servicemen have had free seats and all box-office receipts are to go to British Service Funds. The entire cast is made up of members of the U.S. Army Forces. It is a great show and should on no account be missed



Enjoying the show were the Hon. Sydney and Mrs. Marshall,
Col. and Mrs. Buxton, and Col. and Mrs. Abel-Smith



Admiral Stark and Lady Dudley Ward discussed
the programme with Mrs. A. E. Nye, wife
of the Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff



Ladies of the Chorus



First-Nighters at the London Palladium

In a box decorated with the Stars and Stripes Mr. John Winant sat with Mrs. Drexel Biddle, Lady Louis Mountbatten, General Devers, Lady Grigg, and (behind) General Nye and Mr. William Phillips

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

Lady Abingdon is fortunate enough to have one of those convenient folding walls, so that she can make the dining- and drawing-rooms one when occasion demands. It is here that she holds her cocktail-parties from time to time, which keep her in touch with her many interests in Allied causes.

Staying in London

UP for a few days from their home at Blackwell Grange, in Darlington, Sir Henry and Lady Havelock-Allan have been staying at the Ritz. Lady Havelock-Allan leads a busy life; when she is at home she keeps regular office hours, from ten to five, as W.V.S. County Borough Organiser, and she is also President of the Women's Section of the British Legion for



Two More Autumn Weddings in London

Capt. William Lionel Dove, R.A.M.C., married the Hon. Elizabeth Carrington, only daughter of the late Lord Carrington and the Dowager Lady Carrington, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Capt. Lord Carrington gave his sister away

Sir Archibald Finlayson Forbes and Miss Angela Gertrude Ely, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Ely, were married at Caxton Hall. Sir Archibald is a senior official at the Ministry of Aircraft Production



Clapperton, Selkirk

A Berwickshire Red Cross Sale

Viscountess Brackley opened the sale, held at Earlston School. Above are: Mrs. Thompson, Viscountess Brackley, the Countess of Ellesmere, Mrs. Sharpe and the Hon. Mrs. Balfour. Viscount Brackley, Lord Ellesmere's only son, is a prisoner of war

Darlington. Sir Henry—who is always called by his friends by his second name of Spencer—is a large landowner in North Yorkshire and County Durham, where he is chairman of the county bench. He takes a great and active interest in agriculture and is specialising in producing wheat and barley from ground where before grew only flowers and so forth. He used to sit in Parliament as Liberal member for Bishop Auckland, and at one time was Parliamentary Private Secretary to the late Edwin Montagu, then Under-Secretary for India.

"This is the Army"

MAJOR-GEN. JOHN CLIFFORD HODGES LEE, of the U.S. Army here in London, took a distinguished party to the Palladium to see the all-U.S. Army show, *This is the Army*. Lady Louis Mountbatten, in the uniform of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, was seeing the show for the second time. His other guests included Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Mrs. Alexander; Lord Leathers, Minister of Transport, and Lady Leathers; Air Chief-Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney, just back from a Middle East trip, and his slim, attractive wife, Lady Courtney; and Admiral Pegram, the Fourth Sea Lord, and Mrs. Pegram.

At supper afterwards at the Officers' Club, General Lee's party was joined by Mr. Irving

Berlin. He was persuaded to play some of his own music after supper, and it was a long time before the party broke up. *This is the Army* is having a great success over here—and London is grateful not only for the wonderful work Mr. Berlin is doing for our Service charities, but also to all the men who take part, and so bring a really first-class show to London to liven us up in our fifth winter of the war.

—And Its Creator

MR. IRVING BERLIN has received a tremendous —and well-deserved—welcome in this country. At a cocktail-party given for him by the Association of American correspondents in London the enthusiasm was infectious. Homesick American correspondents gathered round the piano and sang their old favourites—from "Alexander's Ragtime Band" to "White Christmas." Even the waiters and waitresses joined in and asked for their favourite numbers. "God Bless America"—Irving Berlin's patriotic number which has become almost like another national anthem in the States—was sung by everybody as the finale.

At another party, also given by the American correspondents, Mr. Niles Trammel, President of the National Broadcasting Company, and Mr. John Royal, the Vice-President, who were in this country on their way to North Africa, were guests of honour. Mr. Royal's wife is

(Concluded on page 248)



Walking Out With Their Mother

Viscountess Waldegrave has five daughters, and in this picture she is seen with the three eldest, Sarah, Jane and Elizabeth. She has one son, Viscount Cheyton, born in 1940. Capt. the Earl of Waldegrave is in the Royal Artillery



Working for the U.S. Forces

Princess Alexandra of Greece is one of the workers at a United States Forces' canteen in London, and was visited at work by Mrs. Drexel Biddle. Mrs. Biddle's husband is the American Ambassador to the Allied Governments

Caroline, James and Sarah

With Their Mother,
Mrs. Robin Wilson



Sarah and Caroline



Three Happy People

Mrs. Robin Wilson's three children are growing up. When last she appeared on these pages little Sarah Wilson was a mere baby in arms; now she is eighteen months old and playing an important part in the life of her family. Her half-sister, Lady Caroline Child - Villiers, is Mrs. Wilson's daughter by her previous marriage to the Earl of Jersey. Her brother, James Wilson, is now four years old. Their father, Capt. Robin Filmer Wilson, is serving in The Leicestershire Yeomanry, while Mrs. Wilson lives with her children in the country

*Photographs by
Swaebe*



Mrs. Robin Wilson and Her Family

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

As you might expect, that officer of the 29th Panzer Grenadier Regiment responsible for inflicting unspeakable cruelties on the peasantry in the Volturno sector and recently captured by our troops turns out to have been a mathematician in civil life.

Every mathematician is a sadist, in some degree. That fixed cold glassy snake-like eye which makes the economist boys so feared and hated may be seen alike in Bloomsbury and Cambridge. There isn't much real scope for mathematicians in the academic and economic rackets. The vicious pinching of chance-met ladies on the bustle and perhaps an occasional sharp kick at a blind beggar have to satisfy most of them. But when they get the chance, like the Boche above, they grab it with both hands. Specialists in what is (are) called in bitter irony "pure" mathematics have more unbalanced thyroid than specialists in impure mathematics. This occasionally drives them into big-time politics, like the late Painlevé, one of the most brilliant "pure" mathematicians in Europe before he became a French Cabinet Minister, with millions of saps at his mercy. In England a sour kind of bishop sometimes springs from their deathly ranks.

Nobody ever succeeded, thank Heaven, in hammering mathematics, pure, impure,

or even suspect, into our own noggin. The result is that we love and pity all warm shy helpless furry things, bunny-rabbits, small birdies, little actresses, Teddy bears, booksy critics, and backbench M.P.s, and we are known on the Stock Exchange as "Auntie Lavender."

Idea

THE centenary of the Nelson Column, which by its immensity makes Trafalgar Square look so odd and dwarfish, was duly celebrated by Auntie Times with scholarly whimsy. The old trot forbore to mention the real problem of Trafalgar Square, which is that there aren't enough statues in it.

In a paper read to the Fine Arts Society some time ago we suggested moving all the 567 bronze and marble public statues in London into the Square—gents in cocked hats and wigs, gents in top hats and trousers, gents in togas, gents on great fat horses, gents in armchairs, gents making speeches, gents holding umbrellas, gents listening to the fairies, gents big, small, ugly, beautiful, urbane, compelling, pathetic, fantastic and odious. Above them all, on a special pillar, should soar that stone frieze from Lord's



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN

showing a number of clean-cut healthy cretins fondling bats and balls.

The Fine Arts boys were a bit glum, and a petulant discussion arose between us and a distinguished old Academician with silver hair:

"Cor, of all the lousy ideas!"

"Nay, Sir, 'tis a project calculated to improve the public mind, to foster reverence and encourage a love of Art."

"Art my left foot, they 'd blinkin' well laugh their heads off—am I right, Joe?"

"Uh, huh."

"But surely, Sir, to concentrate in one central spot all that mass of plastic beauty—"

"Oh, yeah? What do we hand 'em every year in that there dump in Piccadilly and they laugh like stink! Am I right, Fishy?"

"By me Alf the whole thing is spinach."

As we left by the main staircase a very ugly Academician rushed out and tried to sell us some French pictures, but we were too decent for that.

Box

THIRTEEN guineas at Christie's for a snuffbox given to Marshal Ney by Napoleon and used during the 1812 retreat didn't seem to us a fancy price, though we're no Bonapartist.

That snuffbox, grasped so often by the great Ney's stiff fingers, would provide almost anybody with endless fascinated meditation. The killing cold from Asia, the dwindling Grande Armée trailing back in a kind of trance through the snows, the perpetually swooping Cossacks, the terrible bivouacs, the frozen plains, the piling corpses, the vast bloody sunsets; the blinding storms, Surgeon-Major Larrey chopping off limbs hour after hour on a tree-trunk by the light of a storm-lantern at the Beresina bridge-head, Ney's rearguard stumbling back through the thick dark forests, the tall and silent remnants of the Old Guard far away, surrounding the silent Emperor—you'd get all this and more from that little silver box if you had no more imagination than

(Concluded on page 238)



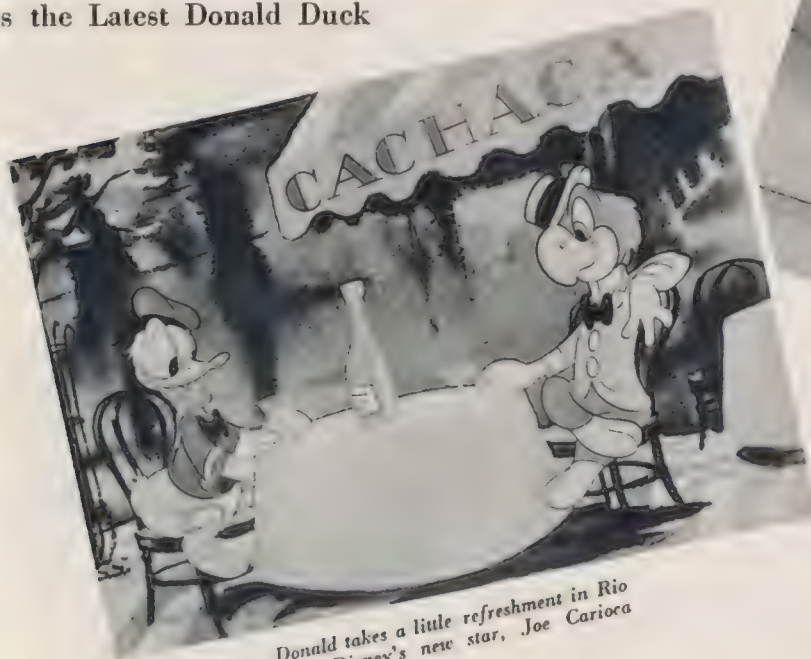
Anton

"The chiropodist is on the floor below, Madame"

Walt Disney Goes South American Way

"Saludos Amigos" (Hello, Friends!)

is the Latest Donald Duck



Donald takes a little refreshment in Rio with Disney's new star, Joe Carioca



Pedro, the heroic baby mail-plane, fills up with gasoline before taking off on his first flight

● Disney's latest *Saludos Amigos* brings together again our old friends Donald Duck and Goofy. As an American tourist, Donald finds himself in Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Peru and Bolivia. On his travels he meets two entirely new friends, Joe Carioca, a brightly hued and sporty parrot, and Pedro, a perfectly charming baby mail-plane, who valiantly takes his Papa's place on the mail run when Papa is laid low with a cold in his cylinder and Mama has high oil pressure, and in so doing proves himself a worthy new member of Disney's inimitable creations



Donald Duck, the compleat American tourist, views Lake Titicaca



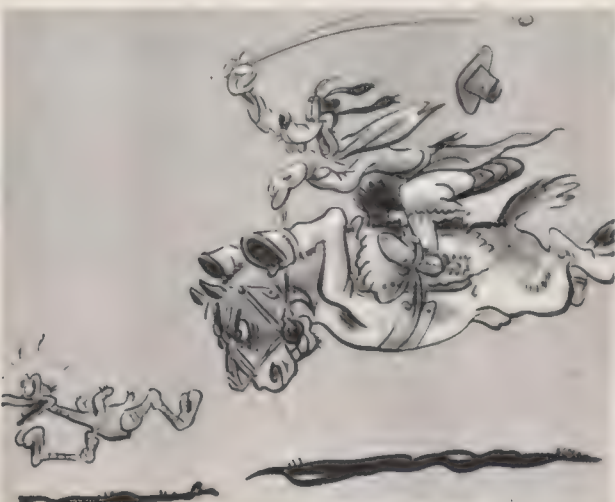
Donald's interest in native life is awakened by an Indian boy, who mesmerises a llama with his flute



Donald takes over both the llama and the flute, with hilarious results



In Buenos Aires, El Gaucho Goofy demonstrates the art of sleeping on your horse



Goofy shows an admiring throng how a gaucho catches a bird by means of a bolas



Finally, intoxicated by his own gaucho skill, Goofy breaks into La Chacarera

Standing By ...

(Continued)

a glandered flea. You'd see the tousled red head and fierce blue eyes of Ney, *brave des braves*, and hear his oaths and roarings. You wouldn't hear the dinner-gong, or Grandma smoothing her lilac silk with dear, tremulous fingers and saying "Damn that boy, the soup's cold again."

Imagination is a wonderful thing, and sometimes almost a drawback, according to some of the City boys it lands in the sneezer.

Alpenvolk

WHY Swiss Cottage, N.W., on Hampstead's southern frontier, is called Swiss Cottage has been puzzling one of the gossip boys, and his artless guesses were both wrong, we observed. That sector wasn't named from an olde-time pubbe, and William Tell never lived there (or anywhere else).

Professor Dent, of Cambridge, the opera authority, says Swiss Cottage was named from a Covent Garden opera by Adolphe Adam, *Le Châlet*, which early Victorian music-lovers knew as "The Swiss Cottage." This seems to us final. What the Professor doesn't mention is that auto-suggestion has since produced some remarkable effects. Most of the sullen natives of Swiss Cottage now have goitre. Ten per cent. are born cretins. Seventyfive per cent. yodel and cuckoo when they talk. Thirty per cent. are followed everywhere by imaginary chamois, leaping from jag to jag. Forty per cent. stare fixedly every evening at an imaginary *Alpenglüh* over the Hampstead heights. Fifteen per cent. shudder continuously with

cold, misery, and despair as if they were living in the frightful city of Geneva. Five per cent. carry and flourish table-napkins.

All the *gratin* or upper-crust of Swiss Cottage society wear bowler hats with tail-coats on dress occasions, like every Swiss President. The prevailing patois was formerly debased Hampstead with a dash of St. John's Wood. To-day of course it is mainly Yiddish.

Chum

SHARING Slogger A. A. Milne's belief that quaternions are round helpless little creatures with a soft shell, we wondered mildly why the world's science boys got so excited over the recent centenary of the discovery of quaternions by Sir William Rowan Hamilton of the Royal Irish Academy, and why, above all, a congratulatory message from Harvard said America was grateful.

We've since looked up quaternions in the Oxford English Dictionary and found them described as "a calculus depending on four geometrical elements," but you can believe very little you see in print nowadays. We put these doubts up to a scientific chap we know, and he looked a bit embarrassed. He said he couldn't go into it because it involved the honour of a good and beautiful woman and the career of a handsome, reckless member of the Royal Society. Finally he said: "I cannot mention names, but it is a kind of Greek tragedy. They both loved quaternions with a pure, selfless passion. Together they would feed

and tend and play with them. His jolly Royal Society chums would often rally him on this—no, not this amour, this chaste elective affinity. And then, one night, a door flung open. A brutal word. 'Strumpet!' A blow. A shot—two, three. Her noble husband, mad with drink and jealousy. The floor covered with dazed, wounded quaternions trying to crawl to safety. A handsome, distraught F.R.S. with blood-spattered whiskers. A woman's cry. 'Kill me, Cyril, if you will, but spare these tiny hapless friends of man!' A cruel laugh, a kick, a wail. 'Oh, you awful!' And a moan from the wounded F.R.S. 'By Heaven, Lord Cyril, she is pure and spotless as atmospheric vapour crystallised at -70° Fahr. and driven by a 50 m.p.h. wind exercising a pressure of 170 foot-pounds per sec. per sec.!' A slammed door, and silence. Dammé," said this scientific chap, wiping his eyes, "it's pure Euripides!"

So we guess Slogger Milne and ourselves have the inside lowdown



"Young woman, are you sure that bird is dead?"

after all, as Harvard's message would indeed suggest.

Decoration

ASKING, very soundly, why there is no Order of Britannia for gallant British merchant seamen, a citizen gave the credit for this suggestion to Thackeray, which reminded us of a less distinguished Order Thackeray was also interested in.

This was the Order of Minerva (owl jewel, pale-gold ribbon) which George IV. once thought of instituting for the booky boys. Immediately the scheme was mooted hell broke loose in the racket, as you may well imagine, and George, scared, dropped it. If the Order of Minerva ever materialised nowadays, it would have to be firmly based on certified net sales, a Knight-Commander requiring twice as much annual tripe to his credit as a Commander, and so forth. As is well known, every current booky boy reaching 100,000 annual net fiction sales or over becomes automatically a public oracle. The jewel and ribbon of the Order of Minerva round that plump pink neck would tighten his grip on the Great Soft Centre, and all that would be required after that would be a large empty zinc bucket. The procedure is surely obvious.

"My lords, ladies, and gentlemen, pray silence—"

"Waiter!"

"Yessir."

"The bucket."

"Yessir."

"Let Mr. Fumbleboom get as far as 'democracy' the third time, then—bing! Understand?"

"Yessir. The Chairman thought a sandbag, sir."

"Tell the Chairman the P.E.N. boys are used to that."

"Very good, sir."

So there we'd be: neat, cheap, practicable, effective, and harmless as the first kiss of a publisher's frightful niece.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Pardon me while I pop into Civvy Street"



Hunting People in Wartime

No. 9. Lady Daresbury, of Waltham House, Melton Mowbray, is Farmer, Cattle Breeder, Shepherd and A.R.P. Ambulance Driver

One of Leicestershire's best-known hunting personalities and famous point-to-point rider, Lady Daresbury is doing a round-the-clock job for the war. She has taken over the entire management of 675 acres of land, all under the plough, and raises all her cattle in stockyards. Three nights a week from 8 p.m. to 6 a.m. she is on duty at the Melton Mowbray A.R.P. ambulance depot, and is responsible for all the Belvoir Hunt horses at the kennels. Earlier in the war she worked as a nurse at the Nottinghamshire Hospital. Lord Daresbury, invalided out of the Life Guards, now has a Military Police job in Lincolnshire. He is joint-Master of the Belvoir. The Daresburys have one son, the Hon. Edward Greenall, still at school. Formerly Miss Joyce Laycock, younger daughter of Brig.-Gen. Sir Joseph Laycock, Lady Daresbury is a sister of Major-Gen. Robert Laycock, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., the new Commando Chief, and her two younger brothers are also in Commandos



Shepherding her flock. Lady Daresbury has won a gold cup and gold mug at sheepdog trials with her three-year-old dog, Jock



In the stockyard, with some of the cattle fattened. Lady Daresbury is a well-known f

Hunting People in Wartime, No. 9 (continued)



Lady Daresbury Exercises Her Son's Hunter



Jock, Mist, Brenda and Ginger, with Their Mistress



A visit to her hunters. Lady Daresbury is the Belvoir, of which her husband is joint-M



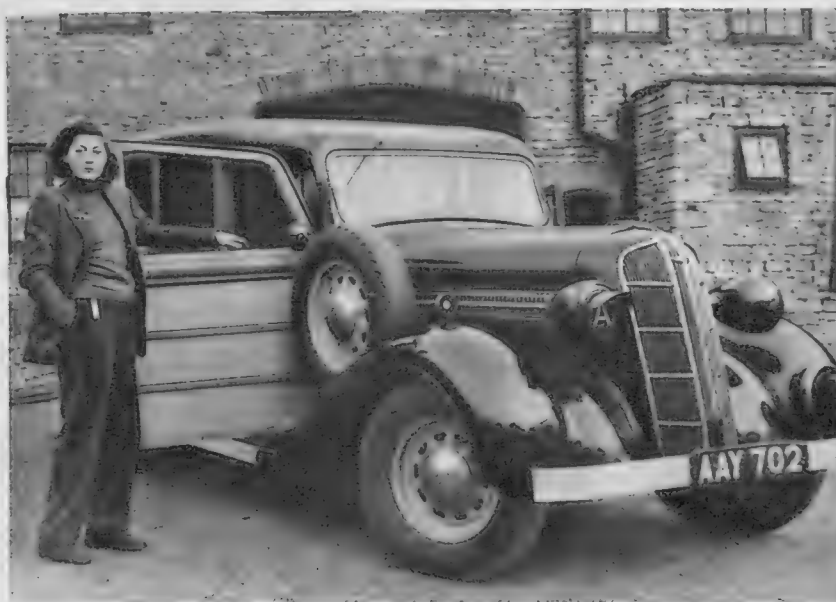
... she has reared and
figure at the cattle markets



She believes in stand-
ing no nonsense from
the cows. This one is
being put in its place



... is in charge of the hunt horses of
... Master with the Duke of Rutland



In her utility truck, converted into an A.R.P. ambulance for vet-
cases, Lady Daresbury does three nights a week voluntary duty



From the wheel of a tractor, she talks to Brown, her second
horseman, now cowman, who has not ridden a horse since the war



Sir John hopes to return to active stage work after the war. Meanwhile, he and Lady Martin-Harvey live at Primrose Cottage, East Sheen

Grand Old Man of the English Stage

A Visit to Sir John Martin-Harvey



On the wall portraits of famous stage celebrities include those of Edmund Kean, Sarah Bernhardt and Henry Irving

Since his first appearance at the Old Court Theatre in 1881, Sir John Martin-Harvey has been a dominating figure of the English stage, and now at the age of eighty-one his personality, good looks and resonant voice have lost nothing of their former grandeur. Originally destined to follow his father's profession of naval architect, the lure of the stage caused him to study elocution under the late John Ryder, and later to join Sir Henry Irving, whom he accompanied on his various American tours. His roles have included nearly all of Shakespeare's famous characters, and among theatres he has managed are the Lyceum, Prince of Wales and the Covent Garden Opera House. Since his latest provincial tour was interrupted by the war, Sir John has lived in retirement at Primrose Cottage, near Richmond, but from time to time his voice is still heard by his many admirers on the radio



One of Sir John's favourite objets d'art, standing in his garden, is this bust by Sir George Frampton, after Settigno

Photographs by Pictorial Press



A sixteenth-century Italian fowling-piece and a chair by George are prized possessions of Sir John's



Paying a visit with Jill, his Cairn terrier, to the graves of former favourites buried in the garden

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Lord Crewe's Curragh "Vision"

THE MARQUESS OF CREWE, in a lengthy article in the *Sunday Times*, envisages the uncomfortable possibility of German-owned horses competing in races in Neutral Eire after the war, when the leading criminals will have ensconced themselves in their various funk-holes. There is nothing, on the facts in evidence, fantastic or extravagant in the Most Honourable the Marquess's premise—if, that is to say, the United Nations propose to allow any neutral country to offer harbourage to those who have committed deliberate murder. Therefore, we may yet see Herr "Von" Ribbentrop's Heydrich (the name of a "great guy," according to a certain peculiar person) winning the Irish Cesarewitch. We might even see Von Papen taking over the Mastership of The Ward. I am afraid that neither the Meath nor the Kildare would stand him, because he knows so little about it! The noble Marquess also fears that when delivery of the criminals is demanded they will one and all at once say: "Not me, Sir! T'other boy!" Lord Crewe prefaces his remarks with a quotation from Horace, something about those who have committed crimes inside and outside the walls. I do not think it is very apposite to the present situation. If A tells B to murder C, and says that if B does not do so he himself will be slaughtered, and if B does so kill C, the law says, most disobligingly, that A and B are equally guilty. Some more Latin, and rather appropriate: the old Equity maxim—"Qui facit per alium facit per se!" This is amply explicit upon the point under discussion. It cuts both ways, of course. B's defence cannot, therefore, hold water, and he is in exactly the same predicament as A.

A Line to the 1944 Classics?

THE Official Handicapper's appraisal of the two-year-olds of any season is always a matter of interest to those who are aware of the great value of the British bloodstock industry as an asset of our national trade, and this year's Free Handicap weights are no exception. Mr. Arthur Fawcett is such

a good handicapper—as, incidentally, the Royal Calcutta Turf Club first discovered, and as the Jockey Club since have done—that it has come to be regarded as impossible that he could make any mistakes. He may not have done so this time. All that I, personally, would dare to say is that, in one or two instances, I do not quite follow his calculations. There has never been a handicap yet about which there have not been divergent views. Handicapping



On Leave in London

Lt.-Cdr. Peter Scott, M.B.E., D.S.C., R.N.V.R., artist son of the Antarctic explorer, was recently awarded a bar to his D.S.C., for "great courage, leadership and enterprise." He is seen here walking with his wife



After the Investiture

Lt. J. C. Y. Roxburgh, D.S.O., D.S.C., son of Mr. Justice Roxburgh, of Calcutta, and commander of the submarine *United*, and his wife left the Palace together. How he celebrated the birth of his daughter is told on page 245

is something so much more than just a few "sums." Visual observation plays such a tremendous part. For instance, A beats B a head at level weights, and on paper next time out would be asked to give B 1 lb. Actually, the Eagle Eye may have detected that A's jockey could have made that head a length. The myopic, on the other hand, would take it as read, and, in the event, fall badly by the wayside in their wagering on A and B the next time they met. It can be said, therefore, that it is not all just as easy as tic-tac-toe, all in a row. A, for instance, may have shown the Eagle Eye that, even though that head could have been a length, if the distance had been just one furlong farther the verdict must have been a length in favour of B. It is often much easier to look through a brick wall than to spot what is happening in a race.

Notes and Queries

THAT the handicapper was bound to begin the two-year-old list with Orestes was certain. The evidence in favour was overwhelming. Mr. Fawcett has made him give
(Concluded on page 244)



Lady Montgomery Rides in a Jeep

"Somewhere in Northern Ireland" Lady Montgomery, mother of the General, visited a U.S.A.A.F. station, saw her first Flying Fortress, and was initiated into the mysteries of a jeep. Mrs. R. S. Duncan, of Belfast, was with her, and Col. Charles W. Backing and Col. R. W. Crisp, O.C. the station, showed them round



Photographs for General Eisenhower

An album of photographs of the Tunisian campaign was presented to General Eisenhower by Lt.-Gen. Sir H. Gale, chief administrative officer at Allied Force H.Q. Col. J. V. McCormack, Assistant Director of Public Relations, is in the centre

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

Happy Landing 2 lb. Orestes won the Middle Park Stakes by a short head, a confirmation—on paper only, I suggest—of the Coventry Stakes last June over a furlong less. I saw both finishes, and after the Middle Park I concluded that we could afford to forget the Coventry Stakes entirely. I believe that Orestes must have won the Middle Park by at least a length if he had come the shortest way home. He did not, for he edged right across the course in the last furlong. Mr. Fawcett has taken due notice of this fact, but he has split the difference, and given Happy Landing only 2 lb. instead of at least 3 lb. In a note herein published just after the Middle Park, it was written: "If I had to start the Free Handicap, it would be Orestes 9 st. 7 lb., and whatever I might finally decide to put in between them, Happy Landing 9 st. 3 lb." I think I was in error and unduly flattered Happy Landing. It is probable that 5 lb. would be fairer at any distance up to a mile. After that, who knows? It is more than possible that a stouter bred one like Happy Landing may turn the tables on his 1943 conqueror in 1944. All this was merely a personal reading of the Middle Park. Mr. Fawcett gives Fair Fame the sex allowance from Orestes. There is nothing else he could have done. She may be another Sceptre or Pretty Polly, but we do not yet know, and the Handicapper is quite right to play for safety.

Some Others

EFFERVESCENCE, the Dewhurst (7 furlongs) winner, is in a pound below Fair Fame. This may be a bit flattering to this colt, but having won over 7 furlongs he was bound to be duly noticed. He only won by a short head from His Majesty's Fair Gint, who gets 9 lb. from Fair Fame. The Dewhurst made Effervescence and Fair Gint one and the same thing for all practical intents and purposes. Earlier in his career, Effervescence was beaten pointlessly by Blue Cap over 5 furlongs at Newmarket (Foxton Stakes). I do not follow this calculation. Tudor Maid, put in only 3 lb. below Fair Fame and 3 lb. above Lady Wyn (the Lady Maderty filly), also puzzles me. In the middle of June, Lady Wyn was only beaten half a length by Tudor Maid, to whom she was giving 5 lb. She must have beaten her



Rugby Player's Son Christened

The baby son of Major C. D. Aarvold, former England Rugby International, and Mrs. Aarvold, was christened at Dorking. Mrs. Aarvold is a Dorking Civil Defence driver, and makes munitions in her spare time

comfortably at level weights. After this, on September 17th, Lady Wyn, getting the sex allowance only, beat Gustator half a length; he, in turn, beating Happy Landing a head at level weights. Gustator now gets 8 lb. from Happy Landing. The rumour is he will not stay, but we don't know. If Tudor Maid is only entitled to 3 lb. from Fair Fame, then I think Lady Wyn getting 6 lb. over 7 furlongs must be on velvet. Personally, I cannot believe that there is very much between Fair Fame and Lady Wyn, and I am sure the latter will take care of Tudor Maid whenever and wherever they may meet. Fair Fame may be one too many for both of them, but, again, we do not yet know. My own order of merit in the Free Handicap would have been (1) Orestes, (2) Fair Fame, (3) Lady Wyn, (4) Happy Landing, but no higher up to a mile. However, all this is purely personal opinion, for we cannot know with nothing more than 6-furlong and 7-furlong form to guide us. If I were compelled to make two early-on selections, I should say Orestes for the Two Thousand, Lady Wyn for the One Thousand.

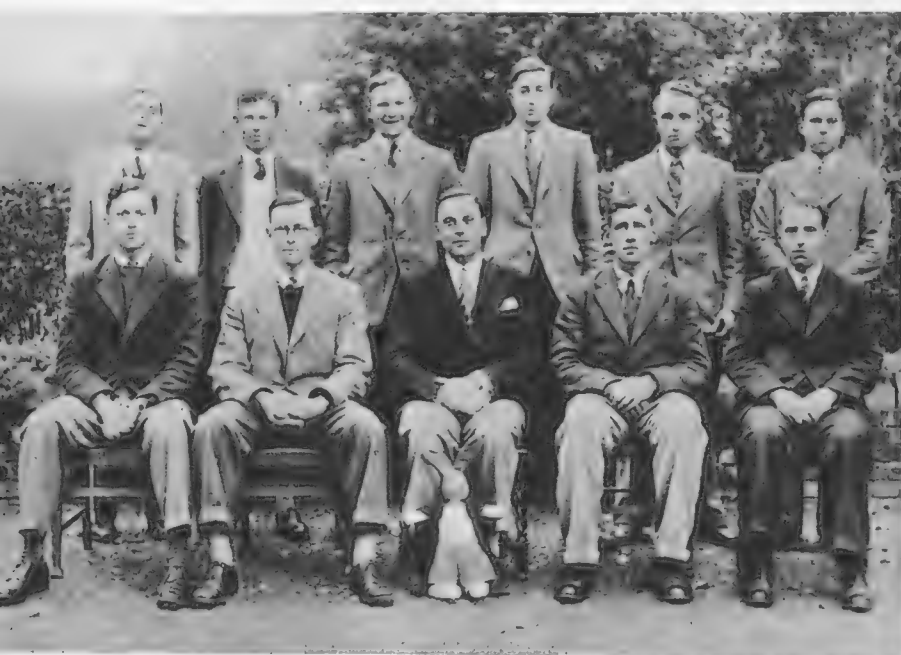
The Three-Year-Olds

IF their Free Handicap were over a distance which would be informative, it would be far more interesting, but an appraisal of merit over only 1½ mile is not. It would be a good move if this Championship were run over a distance which would really test three-year-old stamina—a mile and six furlongs, say. This handicap, therefore, can have no more than an academic interest as to the order of merit. Proceeding solely upon the order-of-merit thesis, the Handicapper makes Straight Deal give both Herringbone and Ribbon a pound. They both beat him quite decisively in the Leger at the sex allowance. My impression is that both of them could give him the 3 lb. and still prevail. Each of these fillies is better bred to stay than is Straight Deal, but this, of course, is no concern of the Handicapper.



The Late Miss Pam Barton

The tragic death of Flt./O. Pam Barton, W.A.A.F., woman golf champion of Britain, and former champion of America, was announced recently. She was a passenger in an aircraft which crashed when taking off



The 1943 Cambridge University Golf Side D. R. Stuart

Cambridge University was beaten by Moor Park, defeated Gog Magog Club, and lost to the U.S. Army golfers on November 14th at Mid-Surrey. Sitting: A. P. C. Bacon (Trinity), W. S. Harris (Clare; Hon. Secretary), J. R. B. Horden (Pembroke; Captain), N. G. Darrah (Peterhouse), R. McL. Wilson (St. John's). Standing: A. W. Shutter (Caius), D. G. A. Leggett (Clare), P. D. Murray (Christchurch), P. M. C. Price (Trinity), R. J. Withers (Trinity), J. P. Heseltine (Magdalene)

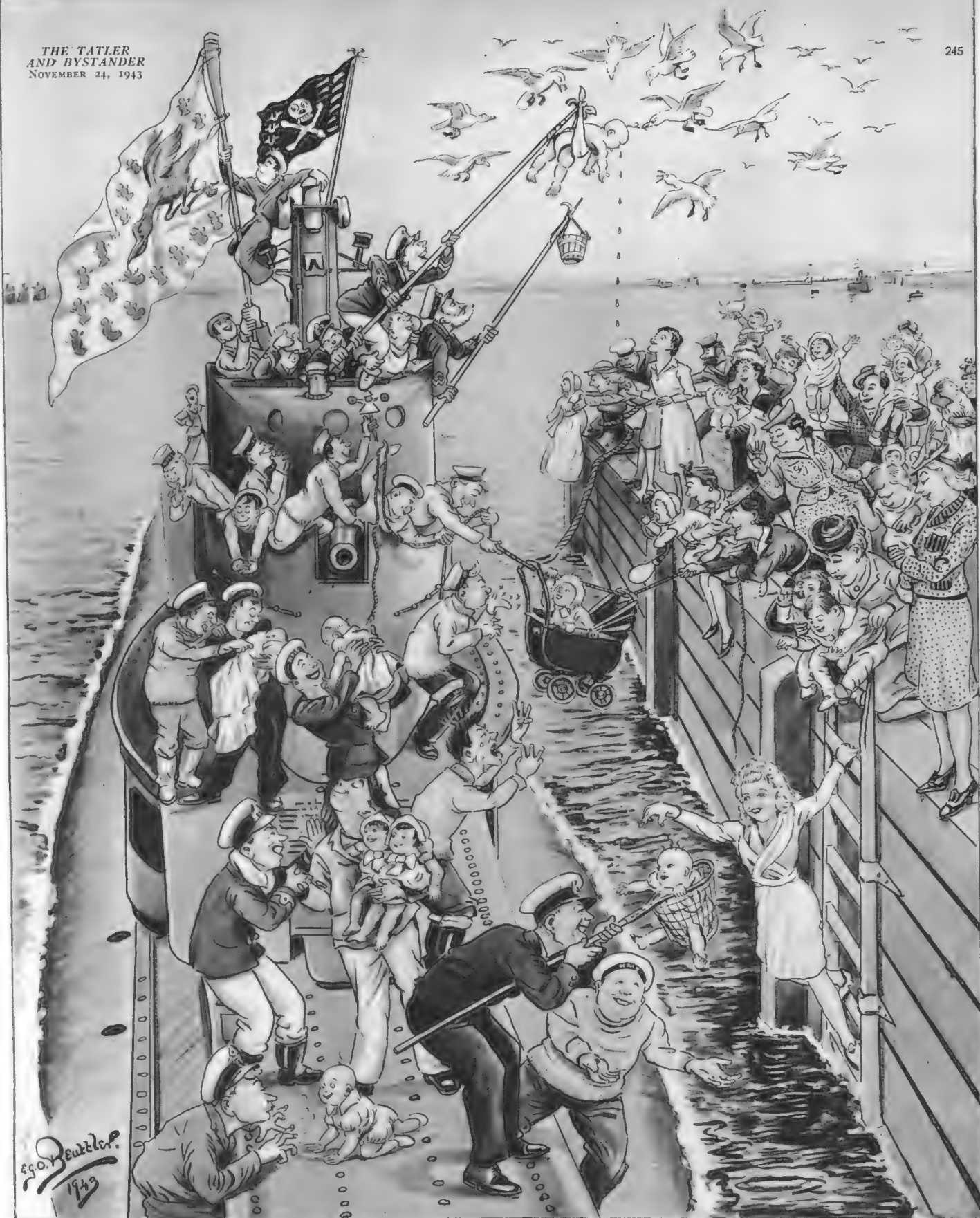


D. R. Stuart

Oxford and Cambridge Rugby Captains

D. A. Ben Garton-Sprenger (Bedford and Merton) is captain of Oxford for the second year in succession

John M. Langham (Bedford and Queen's), this year's Cambridge captain, plays front-row forward



At the Sign of the Stork; By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

This touching picture embroiders a true story ad infinitum. The story itself was broadcast by Lt. J. C. Y. Roxburgh, D.S.O., D.S.C., commander of the submarine *United*, on her safe return to base in the Mediterranean. He was expecting news from his wife about a highly important event, but the cable had not arrived by the time he had to go off on patrol. So he arranged with the base staff to signal the result while he was at sea. A week or so later he sank an Italian warship and picked up the commander and some of her crew. The Italian C.O.'s chief concern was for his wife; she, too, was expecting a baby, and he wanted her to know that he was safe. That night the *United* surfaced and the signal from base came through—a daughter. The Italian (who had been sunk, incidentally, on his twenty-ninth birthday) was full of congratulations. On returning to base the *United* flew, in addition to the skull and cross-bones of the “Jolly Roger” (with symbols denoting enemy ships sunk), a white flag emblazoned with a stork carrying a baby in its beak and one bar in the corner to denote the successful arrival of Miss Roxburgh. The flag was made from a sheet belonging to one of the ratings and decorated by a budding artist aboard. Admiral Cunningham added congratulations on the double event, and My Lords of the Admiralty gave their blessing to the proceedings. Our artist, in a fertile flight of fancy, has credited his submarine (which is of the large “T” class) with four U-boats and nine supply vessels sunk. The stork’s score is seventeen—nice work for a crew of fifty-three! The captain is visible on the conning-tower hoisting his baby in with a boat-hook. Lt. Roxburgh took his wife to Buckingham Palace recently to receive his D.S.O. A picture of them appears on page 243. The crew of the *United*, which has been abroad for eighteen months, were also honoured. Apart from their skipper, they got one D.S.C. and five D.S.M.s

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Before the Storm

THE title of Vincent Sheean's *Between the Thunder and the Sun* (Macmillan; 15s.) derives from lines from a poem on the dedication page. But before I had come on that page at all, I felt that the character of the book—and particularly of the first chapters—had been excellently hit off by its name. Who has not seen some last burst of hectic sunshine give houses and figures a theatrical brilliance against the purple-black clouds piling up behind them? As the thunder becomes more imminent, the light sharpens; there is a tensivity in the air, so that any voice, any movement has an ominousness that one cannot explain. One feels keyed up, waiting for the first crash.

Mr. Sheean's writing, in itself a little theatrical, registers these atmospherics effectively. Fashionable Europe of the immediately pre-war years was observed by him with a fateful eye. In the groups of fortunate people that he frequented, tensivity was to be strongly felt. At Salzburg, at Cannes, people, according to Mr. Sheean, were being almost too much themselves, and attempts to throw off the oppression produced a series of parties that I cannot feel he wholly failed to enjoy. And the mood of unreality that ruled Paris through the first winter and early spring of the war was, if not congenial to this writer, first-rate material for his kind of art. This American—with, I imagine, some Irish in him—knows how to relish illusion, but can equally relish the catastrophic shattering of glass domes. His account of what might be called the psychological fall of Paris makes heart-rending reading, but could not be better done.

Throughout a great part of *Between the Thunder and the Sun* there is a super-vivid, technicolour effect—but I would not say that, from the point of view of the reader, this may not be one of the book's merits. Films often burn into one where scenes in real life do not. One cannot doubt that he writes of what really happened—he is free to write of what happened as he saw it. Nothing he saw was dull. Quite possibly, the prophets saw life like this. Mr. Sheean, from early on in the 'thirties, had felt what was coming: he did not go about prophesying doom, though there were occasions (which he describes eloquently) when restraint began to give him blood to the head. The Old Testament giants did not restrain themselves, and accordingly were not popular—can one wonder?

"London's Burning"

MR. SHEEAN belongs to the hierarchy of American journalists and broadcasters who have watched Europe kindle and then blaze. Their intrepidity with regard to physical (and, in the Axis countries, political) risks has more than earned them their place in the front row. Conversations between him and his colleagues as they

watched crowds stream out of Paris, then flames stream up from London, provide a running commentary on the crises described in *Between the Thunder and the Sun*. In fact, were one writing our modern drama in Greek form, one might well draw for the Chorus on those distinguished Pressmen referred to here as Ed, Art, Ben, and so on.

The account of the first heavy blitz on London, as seen from the country above the Thames estuary (in the chapter called "The Haystack"), is memorable. The social angle on that bomb-ridden winter is unaffected and interesting—Mr. Sheean could, had he wished, have become the Colonel Repington of this war. Writing of the twilight of the French Third Republic, he adds something to what is already known of the undue influence of ladies on Ministers. English Society he has not found guiltless, though in other directions: either wrong-headedness or blindness seemed to him to afflict the upper classes. At Cannes, during the Spanish Civil War, he was specially irked by the people among whom he found himself.

Mr. Sheean is an excellent painter of personalities, as he saw them—after all, all effective portraits are done from that angle. His conversations with Mr. Churchill, at Miss Maxine Elliott's villa at Cannes, are memorable. Here, too, were met the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. Further on in *Between the Thunder and the Sun*, personalities give place to more



Exhibition at the New Grosvenor Gallery

Among the seventy-seven pictures of wartime subjects by Miss Helen McKie which are now on show at the New Grosvenor Gallery there is one of the Prime Minister in the Upper War Room, the place where all the strategy of combined operations was first planned in the early days of the war. Miss McKie is seen with the painting, which is being exhibited with the Prime Minister's permission

general accounts of scenes. I followed with sympathy the changing fortunes of St. Margaret's Bay, that cliff-top village where the Forbes Robertsons had their home. The camaraderie of Dover under bombardment provides an excellent passage. "The Land of the Free," in which is described the return to 1940, pre-election America from 1940, invasion-expecting England, is, for some reason, less interesting than the others—is it harder, perhaps, to write about one's own country? He deals with more ease, if briefly, with the Chungking scene. Lack of preparations for war with Japan at Wake Island, Guam and elsewhere, observed during stops in a trans-Pacific flight, had caused Mr. Sheean, again, to expect the worst long before the news of Pearl Harbour broke.

Hero?

"ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE," by Arthur Koestler (Cape; 7s. 6d.), seems to me one of the best of this autumn's novels. Contemporary in subject, it has a background of values that do not change. The story contains—in fact, is—an analysis of heroism. Can the heroic act, or series of actions, be, really, the working-out of a man's deep-seated neurosis? Such is, at least, the suggestion of Dr. Bolgar, the Junoesque woman psycho-analyst, sitting day by day over her patient in her cool flat in a neutral capital.

Peter Slavek, the twenty-two-year-old boy with the broken nose and two teeth missing, had arrived in Neutralia in what was, at the start, a state of unnatural nervous control. He is a fugitive: he has leaped in the dark from the ship on which he had been a stowaway, swum to the beach and camped in a bathing-hut. He has no passport and practically no money. Next morning, he enters the city, that, teeming with refugees and strung-up would-be travellers of all nationalities, cannot fail (is it meant to fail?) to suggest Lisbon. The glare, the packed cafés, the

(Concluded on page 248)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

SO accustomed have we become to war's restrictions, I sometimes

wonder if, when it is all over and after one glorious burst of expenditure on eggs, butter, tea and electric irons, we shall have forgotten how to spend. Once upon a time I gaily threw bits of string, brown paper, elastic bands, old clothes, old boots, over-helpings of butter and jam about as nonchalantly as any barefooted classical dancer casting rose-petals to the four winds to the strains of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." Nowadays, even love-worth-its-weight-in-gold does not sound half so precious as love-worth-its-weight-in-hair-oil, razor blades and tinned sausage-meat. Consequently, I live guarding my old trousers, a few ounces of tea and fewer still of sugar, 1 cwt. of strange coal, two yards of stranger string, a soldered frying-pan, and one ancient hot-water bottle whose rectitude hangs in the balance. Metaphorically speaking, the family jewels are festooned in the window.

Thus do four years of total war revalue our possessions. Revalue them to such an extent, indeed, that I am doubtful if any generation now born, even those just able to talk, will ever again look upon these things with the careless indifference of a multi-millionaire about to spend sixpence. I believe sometimes that our "spendomaniac" conscience will stab us for ever more if we so much as venture upon the purchase of two boxes of matches at one fell swoop or make a cake rise with anything other than an overdose

By Richard King

of baking-powder. I only know that nowadays, when on the stage or in a film I see the electric lights burning at full blast, I wonder if the people know they haven't put up the blackout, or what they can possibly be thinking of, when the Government begs us all to save fuel and permits miners to go on strike.

How strange will it seem when one can ask for an egg without furtively looking from right to left. How staggering will it be when we can buy a suit of clothes without the prospect of going without vests and pants for nearly evermore. I have a suspicion that peace will not only shake us, but leave us feeling stunned. A reaction similar to that of the widow whose constitutionally tire-some husband has been "jerked on" to a better life, who yet mourns him bitterly because it seems so lonely not to have someone annoying always about the house.

Truthfully, it will not be too easy for us to get accustomed to our late domestic, Mary, now a mighty sergeant in the A.T.S., when she returns to us to make our beds and empty our slops. And what the Government will do with all the discarded uniforms and other bellicose left-overs, I simply can't imagine. Maybe it will be glad to give me a Bren-gun carrier in part-exchange for my bicycle. No wonder, therefore, this same Government is going to let us down gently into peace by keeping restrictions on for years.

Four Families



The Hon. Mrs. Johnson with Robin and Sara

Compton Collier



Anthony Forest

Countess Czernin and Her Children

S/Ldr. Count Manfred Czernin's charming wife, with her children, Carolyn and Nicholas, live at Lamberhurst, in Kent. Count Czernin, who won the D.F.C. in the Battle of Britain, married Miss Maud Sarah Hamilton in 1939. The son of Count Otto Czernin of Austria and of the Hon. Mrs. Oliver Frost, he was naturalised British eleven years ago.



Above: The wife of Major J. R. Johnson, M.C., Royal Welch Fusiliers, is the eldest daughter of Admiral of the Fleet Lord Keyes, and has two children, seen here with her. Her father, one of the most famous naval personalities of the last war, received a barony in the 1943 New Year Honours

Left: Sir Grey Hum-berston d'Estotville Skipwith, Bt., married Miss Cynthia Leigh, daughter of the late Mr. Egerton Leigh, in 1928. Their sons, Egerton and Peyton, are aged eight and four years old. Their home is Doles House, near Andover, Hants.

Right: Sir William Prince-Smith, M.C., succeeded his father as third baronet in 1940. He and his wife, formerly Miss Marjorie Nickell Lean, were photographed with their children, Richard and Claire, at Southburn, near Sheffield, where they have a farm. Sir William is chairman of the Keighley War Savings Committee and a Director of the Milk Board



Compton Collier

Sir William and Lady Prince-Smith and Their Children

Sir Grey and Lady Skipwith and Their Sons

Compton Collier

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 234)

our own Leonora Corbett, the lovely British actress, who has been appearing with such success on Broadway. They were married just before Mr. Royal made his last trip to London. They had only two days for a honeymoon, and they spent them at Niagara Falls. "Leonora said she wanted a real typical American honeymoon," John Royal is fond of telling, "and I knew I couldn't do better than Niagara."

Incidentally, Mrs. Royal—still Leonora Corbett to us—has some entirely new plans for her theatre work. She is rehearsing for a musical show, in which there will be a lot of singing for her.

Delysia is Coming Home

Two and a half years ago Alice Delysia made up her mind that her war job was to be entertaining the troops. In the days when she went overseas, the journey had to be made by the long sea route



The Anglo-Brazilian Society's Luncheon

The Brazilian Ambassador presided over the luncheon, which was held at the Dorchester Hotel. In the picture are the Portuguese Ambassador, the Brazilian Ambassador, the Duchess of Palmella, Col. F. de Sa Earp and Dona Isabel Moniz de Aragao

round the Cape. Nevertheless, Delysia was not dismayed, and since then she has performed wherever the Allied Forces are stationed overseas, in North Africa, the Middle East, Iraq and Iran. She sang popular French songs, and songs from London revues, old and new—she sang whatever the boys asked for, giving it to them with all the great-hearted vivacity which is so peculiarly her own. She also played in *French for Love*, in which London saw her just before the war. Says Cecil Beaton in his *Near East*, recently published by Batsford: "She is a wonderful old girl, performing to the troops in two wars. She is here for E.N.S.A., being paid £10 a week, and refusing offers by telegram from Firth Shephard to star in London." Now at last it is good news to hear that Alice Delysia is on her way home. She deserves a great welcome from us all at home for what she has done for the men overseas.



The Brodie of Brodie's Twins are Christened

The wife of L/Sgt. the Brodie of Brodie was photographed with her twin son and daughter, who were christened at Wendover Church, Bucks. The babies' names are Alastair Ian Ninian and Elizabeth Juliet

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 246)

staring natives, the queues outside the Legations and the unhelpfulness inside—all affect the newcomer, almost unbearably. Peter Slavek is bent on getting to England to join the Forces and continue the fight from there. You might say, as his story unfolds itself, that Peter already had done enough.

His fight, so far, has been no more than resistance—but it was five days' resistance to third degree in a Nazi torture-chamber in his own country—presumably Hungary. Son of a middle-class family (and, as such, always suspect to his associates), he had thrown in his lot with the workers in an underground anti-Fascist organisation. It has been the old story: he was arrested; if he will split on the others he can go free. He does not split on the others; he is tortured until his captors, admitting defeat, throw him out. Hence the broken nose, the lost teeth and the scars on his body. There exist far deeper scars on his mind.

Sonia Bolgar, awaiting her passage elsewhere, makes friends with Peter and makes him stay at her flat. For ten days, an idyllic, if curious, love-affair with the French girl Odette sustains him. Then Odette sails for America, and Peter's waiting nervous breakdown sets in.

Evil Dream

DR. BOLGAR's guest becomes her patient. Mercilessly, though with merciful intention, she makes him explore himself and his past. Together, they look for the root of his "evil dream." Peter's story is not for the squeamish—but I question, in this, as in other cases, whether one has a right to squeamishness nowadays. Peter is obsessed by the fact that there was a moment when, under the torture, he was prepared to betray everyone, everything: that the sponge they had put in his mouth stopped this does not, in his view, clear him of guilt. He sees himself as a traitor in intention, if not in act. Dr. Bolgar, being a Freudian, bores down to his childhood for the root of this sense of guilt.

Dr. Bolgar's departure, and Peter's renewed battle with himself—though, this time, on different grounds—make the third phase of *Arrival and Departure*. At the end, he is faced with two options, the hard and the soft one: his decision I do not care to disclose. . . . All through the book, the characters have completeness as well as dignity, and the situations are clear-cut. The dreamlike, sometimes nightmarish peace of *Neutalia* is well rendered—Mr. Koestler, apart from his other qualities, is outstanding as a visual writer. I suppose that, really, one's feeling for any novel has a sentimental base, whether large or small—in this case, I find Peter Slavek inspires profound affection. By the end, one has come to know him so well that (even apart from the two teeth missing) one would recognise him anywhere in the street.

Deep South

CLARE LEIGHTON'S *Southern Harvest* (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.) is beautifully illustrated by her own engravings. These sketches of country life in the Southern States of America show a sharpening of the senses, through homesickness for her own country, to every aspect of Nature. Work and rural habit, the soil and the seasons are, to Miss Leighton, life's great common denominators, that, underlyingly, make all countries one. The South, with its luxuriance and colour and, sometimes, melancholy underlying the colour, are seen by her with eyes that, although delighted, continue to long for England.

The true character of a people [she says] is to be found in its workers, and especially in the workers upon the earth; for it is here that man is up against the eternal, and it is here that he demonstrates his values and his worth.

She desires, as many desire, to see a merging of the English-speaking peoples, the British and the Americans. She believes that:—

This very merge is taking place in England at this moment—not at the instigation of any organised office of propaganda, not even with the consciousness of the people who are merging. It is taking place when the soldier who was a farmer in the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia meets and talks and plays with the soldier who was a ploughman in Wales . . . with pleasurable surprise these tillers of the earth discover common ancestry.

So, with a thought for their sons who now fight in Europe, Miss Leighton writes of the cotton-pickers of the Mississippi Delta, the millers of the North Carolina water-mills, corn shuckers at work and feasting, country folk battling with the James River in flood. Hog-killing in Maryland, sorghum-milling in Tennessee and the Saturday gatherings of Negroes in Court-house Square—in Alabama, but all over the South, too—these furnish sketches that have a fine touch of reality. Miss Leighton's pen is at its most happy with coloured people. Detached from the sketches is a bitter, sorrowful story, "Louisiana Pilgrimage"—Southerners forced by poverty to throw their old home open to Yankee "pilgrims."

Undesirable Residence

JOHN RHODE'S *Men Die at Cyprus Lodge* (Crime Club; 8s. 6d.) features a most convincing haunted house. Though one set of manifestations were exposed as a fake, I, for one, should continue to fight shy of this Regency residence, with its tiled hall and echoing staircase under the sinister top-light. Something nasty goes on being something nasty—however much you explain that away. Mr. Rhode, also, deals well with the leading worthies of Troutwich, and with their snug upstairs rendezvous in the Castle Hotel. His plot is as well-knit as usual. Murders and manifestations make this electric reading.



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Warm Furs for Going Away. Sleekly sophisticated or cosily casual—the first glossy black Indian lamb, the second beautifully stranded natural Canadian skunk with two roomy pockets. Both from Molho



left: a pretty nightdress in soft floral crêpe in lovely pastel shades of sky, peach, pink, apricot, eau-de-nil or white. The sleeves are a very desirable feature these days.

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right: tailored pyjama suit in rich satin-back rayon broché . . . deep coral, pastel blue, ivory or black.

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"If you want to see real poverty you ought to travel through some of the mountain sections of the country."

"Terrible conditions, eh?"

"Why, some of those mountaineers live in shacks so broken down and leaky that every time it rains they have to go out and sit in their saloon cars."

Two old Scots women were chatting over the wash-tub. One said to the other: "Aye, wumman, do you ken the meaning of the word 'Jubilee'?"

"Well," said the other. "I'll tell ye. When a man's marrit on a woman for five and twenty years, that's the silver wedding; and when he's marrit on her for fifty years, that's the golden wedding; but when the man's dead—that's the Jubilee!"

IN Dallas, Texas, a Negro accused of making "moonshine" was asked if he pleaded guilty.

"Yes, I pleads guilty and waives de hearin'," he replied.

"What do you mean, waive the hearing?"

"I mean I don' wan' to hear no mo' 'bout it."

DURING a question period following a lecture, a man arose and put a foolish query to the speaker. The latter replied:—

"The logic of your question makes me think of another. Can you tell me why fire engines are always red? You can't. Well, fire engines have four wheels and eight men. Four and eight are twelve. Twelve inches make a foot. A foot is a ruler. Queen Elizabeth was a ruler. The Queen Elizabeth is the largest ship that sails the seven seas. Seas have fish. Fish have fins. The Finns fought the Russians. The Russians are Red. Fire engines are always rushin'. Therefore, fire engines are always red.

"I hope this answers your question also."



Vivienne

Miss Helen Cherry is playing the part of Sylvia in George Farquhar's play "The Recruiting Officer," which has been produced by Alec Clunes at the Arts Theatre. Miss Cherry has previously taken part in Mr. Robert Atkins's Shakespearean seasons at the Westminster Theatre and at the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park. She is the niece of Colonel Sir Joseph Nall, M.P. for the Hulme Division of Manchester

MEMBERS of the American Army now stationed in England write home that most of the English people they meet are not at all familiar with the mode of living in the States, but with so many Americans around, they are now eager to learn even the simplest details. One soldier, recently, was showing his English hostess a hotel menu that his sister had sent to him from the States. He was quite astonished when his hostess spoke up in a tone of horror: "Baked Indian Pudding! Can it be possible in a civilized country?"

WHEN the farmer saw a stranger fishing in his special stream he was very angry, but his wrath faded into laughter when he noticed that the angler was using a piece of carrot as bait.

Later in the day he went that way again; but he was surprised to see the fisherman's basket full of fish.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "You never caught all those with carrot bait, did you?"

"Of course not," was the calm reply. "I caught you with that."

ATTENDING a church bazaar, Abraham Lincoln tendered a twenty-dollar bill to pay for a bunch of violets. The lady at the stand, making no attempt to return any change, gushed: "Oh, thank you, Mr. President."

Lincoln reached down from his great height, and gently touched the lady on the wrist, saying: "And what do you call this?"

"Why, Mr. President, that is my wrist. What did you think it was?" asked the lady in pretty confusion.

"Well," drawled Lincoln, "I thought it might be your ankle. Everything is so high around here."

THE former member of the War Office staff was winning golden praise as a British agent in the East until he made a slip that was, in the opinion of his best friends, unavoidable.

Disguised as an afflicted beggar, he stood in a bazaar holding a bowl. The illusion was perfect until he cried:—

"Alms, alms, Allah, for the love of."

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will feel quite grown-up
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knitted woollen fabric,
soft and warm, in cheerful
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These are "Utility" dresses



"Alison." Teen-age daughter will want to wear
this soft woollen material frock on every
possible occasion. Trimming is introduced by
clever colour contrast on pockets and tie belt.
The skirt is gored all round. In deep blue,
scarlet, frog-green or chocolate.

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The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



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*(It is Quality that
calls when Quantity
fills*

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Here's a shoe with a Llama fleece lining.
A warm shoe, with hinged sole of wood,
And the bright coloured suede
Out of which it is made
Will let the foot "breathe" as it should.

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Made by C. & J. CLARK LTD. (WHOLESALE ONLY) STREET, SOMERSET
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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Doggone It

ONE of the most unpleasant functions of the domestic animal is that of adornment or decoration. It is always a sad thing when some breed of dog, for example, becomes fashionable and is lugged about by women who are using the creature merely as a magnet for drawing attention to themselves.

One would have thought that aviators would be too cultured in the best sense ever to descend to this kind of thing. One would have thought that they would never use living creatures, however humble, as a sort of comic relief for their own activities. Therefore I have been a little disturbed to see cases both in the Royal Air Force and in the United States Army Air Forces when animals have been adopted as pets and even taken on operational flights. To my wholly biased view this is not funny, not clever, not kind and not even sensible.

Presumably the newspapers (which provide a convenient scapegoat for so many things nowadays) are partly to blame. They should not, I imagine, print photographs of these wretched little creatures or boost squadrons or flights which are making use of them. But I place the responsibility more on the individuals who are directly concerned than those who reflect their doings. Of course many of them are unconscious of being unkind and would repudiate any suggestion of this sort in the strongest terms. Often they delude themselves into the belief that the animal likes going on operational flights or being lugged about and paraded as a mascot. But whether the animal likes it or not the conduct of the man who, knowing better, makes it do these things is to be regretted.

Fighter Come Back

WE have been through a period during which everybody has been marvelling at the ability of the American Flying Fortresses to defend themselves on their raids into Germany. But now we hear that these machines are being escorted by Thunderbolts and Lightnings. In other words we have gone full circle

and come back to where we started, which was that the bombing aeroplane is not capable of penetrating deeply into enemy country and of defending itself alone. It must have a fighter escort if its losses are to be kept down to the lowest point. All of which once more emphasises that the single-seat fighter is by no means as dead as its opponents would have us believe. I think it was Lord Trenchard who first of all described this type of machine as the "queen of the air." It has certainly always dominated the aerial battle wherever it has been fought. Clearly by putting extra tanks on a fighter one reduces its battleworthiness, but even then it is likely to be better able to put up a sufficient defence than the bomber.

One of the crucial factors in battleworthiness is rate of climb, yet it is a thing that one hardly ever sees referred to. Speeds and loads are given for all conceivable types of aircraft, but the rate of climb is rarely mentioned. It requires, of course, careful handling because rate of climb falls off with height except when the engine arrangements are such as to provide for sustaining the power as the altitude increases. Thus the Focke-Wulf 190 improves in rate of climb up to something not far short of 20,000 feet and as it gets to the top of the scale it is doing well over 3,000 feet per minute. The early Spitfire and early Hurricane were not able to compete with this rate, but the fitting of the variable pitch airscrew vastly increased their climb performance. Where we shall go in the future it is hard to say, but I would suggest that rates of climb of over 5,000 feet per minute are now in the offing. It would almost seem to be worth while to design and produce an aircraft in which climb was made the primary requisite. I have never heard of even a theoretical study of the advantages in battle when an ultra-fast climbing machine met an



Sq/Ldr. Edward Lister Ifould, D.S.O., D.F.C. and bar, R.A.A.F., received his D.F.C. for his part in the Augsburg raid in April, 1942. A navigator of high merit, he has been on many sorties, mostly against Ruhr and Rhineland targets

ultra-high-speed machine. My guess is that the aircraft with the greater climb rate would often beat the one with the greater speed but I confess to presenting this view without adequate data to support it. It has, however, always been a maxim of the leader of an air formation that height is of the utmost tactical importance.

Flying Badges

I STILL get complaints at intervals from those serving in the Royal Air Force or the Dominions Air Forces, who complain about the action of the authorities in taking away the flying badges which have been granted them if they fail to show up sufficiently well on operational work. I have the fullest sympathy with those who complain about this procedure. It is not that I would ever criticise the Air Ministry or the Dominions authorities for taking suitable steps to indicate that those who do operational flying successfully are deserving of a higher grade of recognition than those who fail in operational flying, but the way to make this distinction is emphatically not by juggling with the flying badges. Such a course is illogical and I do not think that it is warranted.

King's Regulations for the Royal Air Force lay down conditions under which flying badges may be granted (paragraph 811, section 12). They are awarded to those who pass specified tests or who have qualified in their particular classes of work. It is illogical to try and take from a man a badge of this kind because afterwards he proves to be unsuited to operational work. When once one of these flying badges has been granted and while it remains in the form described in King's Regulations it cannot be withdrawn again by any human agency. To prohibit the man from wearing the badge afterwards is an abuse of power that deserves the strongest condemnation. I have taken this matter up with the authorities and have told them my view



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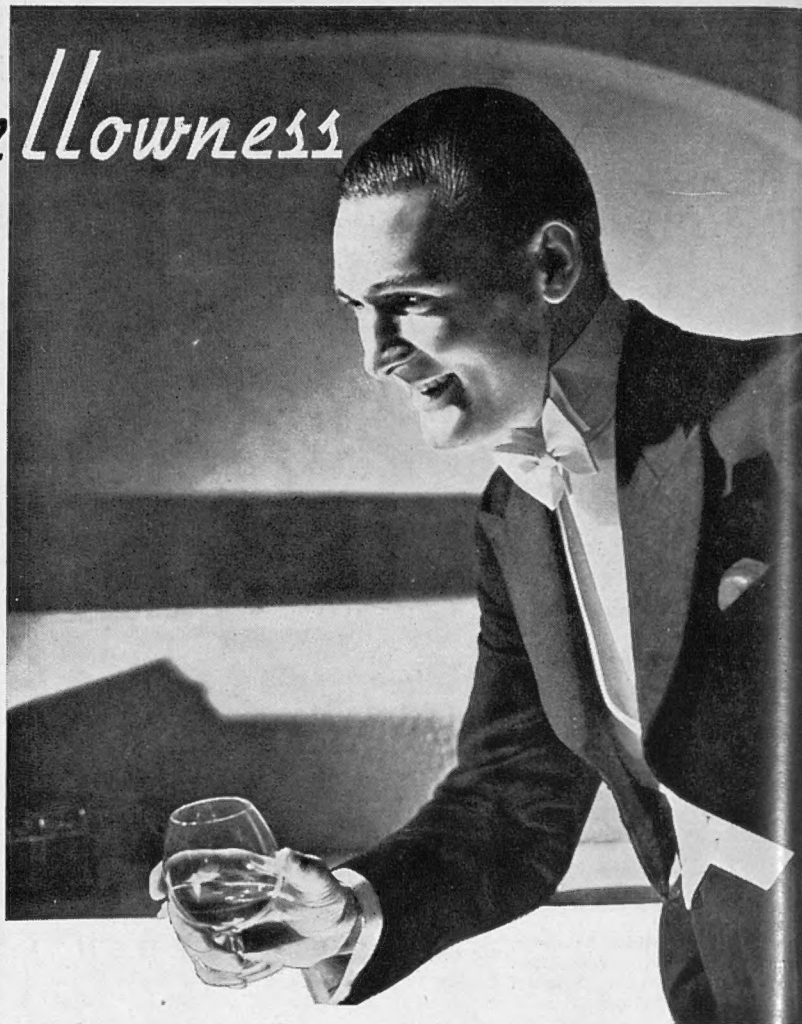
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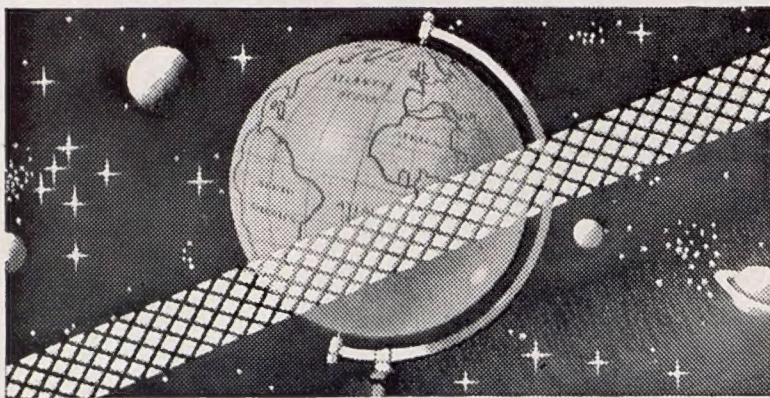
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The whole text matter affords an interesting example of what can be expressed in Basic English, which is being supported as a universal language.

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